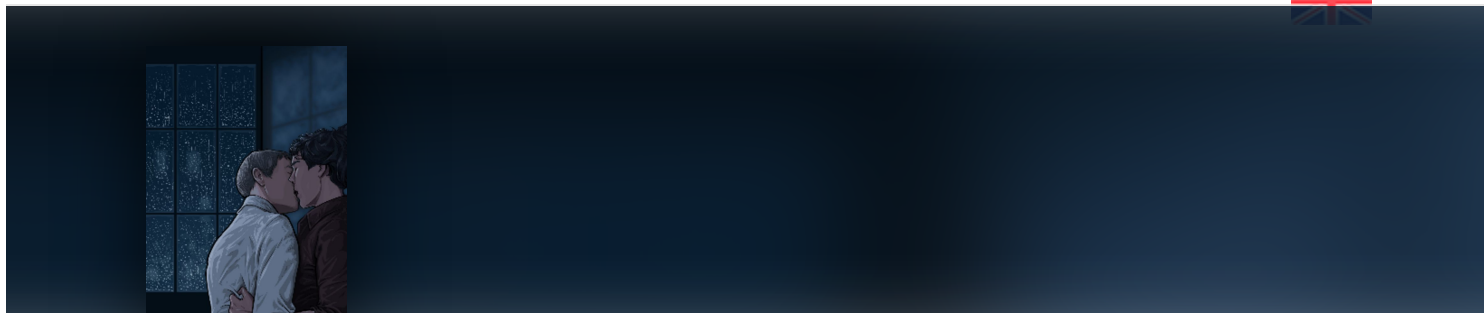




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## Gadgets & Gizmos



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### Chapter 1 by Marie Harris

Reichenbach... it was a terrible experience that no one shall forget. My name is Dr. John Hamish Watson and this is my story of how I made the man into the machine.

~3 years ago~

Stretching, I get out of bed and open the curtains to let the morning light shine in. I then proceed to the kitchen to put the kettle on. There he is; absolutely gorgeous splayed out on the couch, wearing his striped pajamas and dressing robe. I go over and plant a kiss to his curls. I adore these mornings. Quiet, simple, but filled with some much love.

### Chapter 2 by Mia



We had been a couple for 3 months when something changed. I can see that now, afterwards. Almost immediately after meeting we moved in together. It was those curls that caught my eye for the first time - maybe a little to long staring. "Mr Dropjaw can I help you?", was his first sentence to me. The rest of the night I did the talking. Surprisingly. I cant understand what he did to me. I never talked. I mean never. But that night I couldn't stop talking, and he just listened. We went home to his place, and he made tea, and I continued talking. After that night, I had

been in my own apartment about five times never sleeping there. Everything perfect, just perfect. But that day, on the day... See more of Story Wars... I did not make me talk. They made me want him to talk... I understood...

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### Chapter 3 by Phantim



He wasn't gay. He just wanted to try something new. Now he was bored. It meant a lot to me that he valued me enough to keep up the charade for so long. My love, Sherlock Holmes... a name so famous in England he could have anyone. But he had stayed with me despite all that. I knew how his mind worked better than anyone. It all made sense now that he wanted to explore homosexuality... it was hard to not just think of myself as one of his experiments now. I sigh and reach into my pocket, grabbing a small orange bottle and drop a pill into my hand. I really shouldn't be prescribing these to myself. What else can I do when my whole world is crushing down around us...

I hear him coming down the hall and slide the pills back in my pocket.

"John, John! We have a case!" his face is beaming, so happy. I remember when he used to look at me with the same excitement.

"Must be a good one, you look excited about it." I say, trying to hide my emotions. What was even the point, he was Britain's best detective.

"Dear John, when do I ever even accept the boring ones?" he teases me.

"I'll just finish my tea and grab my coat then." I lament.

He is already heading out the door... I dread the day when he never comes back.

### Chapter 4 by Phantim



As I walk down the hallway to grab my jacket, I look over into his small lab room. It was smattered about with evidence, machine parts, inventions, and experiments. I pause at the door, looking fondly at all these little things that he loved. Is this all I am going to have left to remember him? Gadgets and Gizmos?

### Chapter 5 by Carl Robson



I was honestly quite surprised to find Sherlock waiting for me by a taxi when I stepped outside of 221 Baker Street.

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"Come on, John! Crime waits for no man!"

"Dead bodies do though." I muttered as I jumped into the taxi after him.

Sherlock gave the address to the overly cheerful taxi driver, a fan of our cases apparently, and then we were off through the busy streets of London and towards the crime scene that Sherlock had been so excited about. He'd yet to explain any of it to me however.

"So, care to brief me in on what we're going to see here?" I asked him.

## Chapter 6 by Phantim



"Over to Queen's Bridge. I hear it is a sight to behold, but I don't want to spoil it for you." he retorts.

We both hop in the motor-car taking our seats. As soon as we sit down, and the doors close, they automatically lock. Suddenly smoke is everywhere, coming from the air vents and under the seats. It's hard to breath.... I don't feel right. Poison? I start slamming my fist into the window, but to no avail. I look over at Sherlock... it is clear we are both fading fast. I reach out and grabbed his hand... "I love you," I say with my last breath. Then I slip into darkness, I can still feel his warm hand holding mine. Perhaps, this wasn't such a bad way to go after all.

I wake up later though... in the empty car. There is no Sherlock... but in his seat I see a cellphone and a letter. I reach over to open it, fear courses through me as I rip it open.

## Chapter 7 by XOXkitkatXOX



The paper rips, and there's a picture in it. I pull it out, and there's Sherlock in a headlock with a knife held up to his temple. I look in the envelope, and there's a letter. I pull it out, and it reads:

Dearest John Watson,

I am afraid to inform you that I have taken your dearest Sherlock. I took him because I need him for my master plan to kill London's greatest detectives, so afterwards, I will be the only detective, and everyone will have to come to me for their cases! On the phone are his last words to you, and the directions to where you need to come to save him. Also, taped to the back of this letter are instructions of how to get through my maze of the city! Good luck!

With the greatest respect,

Anonymous

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I try to open the cab door, but it was locked. I look out the window, and there's no one in sight. He was really into this plan, he must've used the smoke on the whole city! I turned the letter over, and there's a map. I look towards the bottom, and there's a list of steps. The first one was: "Get out of the cab." I find the lock, and try to unlock it, but it's stuck. I grab the phone, and listens to the voicemail.

It was on speaker, and he was crying. He said:

"John, I just want you to know, that I love you, and I am officially gonna be gay. I have enjoyed the past three months, and I hope that we get to spend the last few hours of our life together. They're telling me to stop now, so I want to end this call with the most truthful words of my life... I love y----- BEEP!"

The call ended. I fell down on the seat crying. I got the letter wet, and ripped it in half in anger. "Gaaaahhhh!!!!" I scream at the top of my lungs. I open the glovebox and grab the hardest thing I could find. I smashed it against the window, and it broke into a million pieces. I climb out the window, and my jeans cut, and so does my skin. I start bleeding, and I have to take my jeans off. I grab the ripped letter and look at the map. I put the two pieces together.

I look at the map, and start running in the direction that the map says. There's a red line showing me where I need to go. I run down three blocks, and I stop to take a break.

## Chapter 8 by Phantim



After that I started running, running until my legs almost gave out. Finally I made it to the location on the map. I bash open the door and run into the old warehouse. There in the middle of the empty building, I see him slouched over and tied to a chair. A single light shines down on him. I run over to him, he doesn't say anything or respond. When finally I get to him and lift his head I realize it was just a doll. A doll in his clothes with a wig... tucked in his jacket there is another letter. I open it it up.

Dear Watson. you didn't really think I would just give him to you would you? It is fun to watch you try though! Oh and another little thing I thought you might like... check the phone.  
Best regards,

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Reaching down into the envelope I find another phone, this one a nicer touchscreen phone. I turn it on and there is a video already waiting.

I see Sherlock tied to a chair, his mouth is gagged with a cloth. Then another man comes onto the screen with a cellphone in his hand, a voice changer pressed against his mouth in the other. "John, I just want you to know, that I love you, and I am officially gonna be gay. I have enjoyed the past three months, and I hope that we get to spend the last few hours of our life together. They're telling me to stop now, so I want to end this call with the most truthful words of my life... I love y----- BEEP!"

After the phone call ends the man in the video starts laughing as Sherlock struggles against his bindings. Then the man pulls out a pistol and shoots Sherlock in the head. Dark red bloods sprays the wall behind him. Tears begin to fill my eyes.

I thought back to earlier today... to his room... In the end that is all I had left of him... Gadgets & Gizmos.

the end

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